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WINSLOW HOMER

*A few can touch the Magic String
And Noisy Fame is proud to win them.
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their Music in them.*

Surely Homer cannot be classed with the latter for he, with the exceptions of Sargeant and Whistler, is the only American who has contributed so greatly to the world's master paintings.

Winslow Homer in saying to a fellow painter, "If one wishes to become a real artist, one must never look at the work of another artist," stated the underlying principle on which his life was based.

He was practically self-taught. He studied for one month at the National Academy of Design and had taken a few lessons from Frederick Roudel, so that his work is, probably, less influenced by the work of contemporaries than any other artist who has ever lived.

At sixteen, Homer was apprenticed in Boston to a lithographer. Later in New York and at the front during the Civil War, he did illustrations for Harper's Weekly and other periodicals.

As his interest in painting increased, he abandoned illustrating, turning his entire attention towards his painting.

He spent a few months abroad where he visited museums and cathedrals before he settled at Scarborough, Maine. Here he spent the rest of his life living like a hermit, and shunned exhibitions and fellow artists.

His great desire was to depict nature faithfully. During the painting of the "Life Line" the models were continually doused with water and because he could not find

a bell to use as a model for his painting "All's Well," he modeled one. He waited for months to see the sea in a mood similar to the one with which he first started "Early Morning at Sea."

We have only to study the precise painting of the berries in "The Fox Hunt" and the dragging rope in "The Gulf Stream" to realize that he believed no detail was unimportant enough to be carelessly painted.

Although it must be admitted that his figures were not always anatomically correct, they were so full of life and feeling that they more than balanced this defect.

Homer was not a master of color, and it plays but a minor part in his pictures which are so beautiful in composition.

As Winslow Homer was a direct descendant of a long line of seafaring folk, he was well able to paint "Those that go down to the Sea in Ships." This he did with a simple power that had the strength of truth behind it.

In later years he learned to paint trees, rocks and waves, not for their individual beauty, but for the grand ensemble which should be powerful in organization.

In the painting of the "Two Guides" he reached the pinnacle of his work as a creative artist and not a photographer. The composition is more united and his style is more simple and direct.

If Homer had mingled more with his fellow
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COURTESY OF BOSTON FINE ARTS MUSEUM



“THE DORY”
By
Winslow Homer

COURTESY OF BOSTON FINE ARTS MUSEUM



"THE CASHMERE SHAWL"

By

John Singer Sargent

COURTESY OF BOSTON FINE ARTS MUSEUM



“THE FALLEN DEER”

By

Winslow Homer



“ADIRONDACK LAKE”

By

Winslow Homer

COURTESY OF BOSTON FINE ARTS MUSEUM



"THE GARDEN WALL"

By

John Singer Sargent

THE WORLD COURT

It is indeed interesting to know how the Court was established. A clause of the Versailles treaty gave it birth and in the text of that treaty it is called the "Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations." The Council of the League brought together a group of prominent international lawyers, of which Mr. Elihu Root was only one, and asked them to make a plan for such a Court. The plan presented by this group was modified by the Council and Assembly, and accepted, after which it was sent to the various nations for adoption. It is said that forty-eight countries belong to this court and yet the number of countries which have actually ratified the court protocol is thirty-six. Concerning the nations on this side of the ocean, there are fifteen which either have not signed at all or else they have signed and have not ratified the protocol. There does not seem to be a great deal of hurry on the part of the countries on this continent to assume membership in the Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations.

After the Court was accepted by the nations, judges were elected and to date it has been functioning for four years. The first opinion was handed down on July 31, 1922. Since then five judgments have been given and eleven advisory opinions dealing mostly with labor questions.

President Harding advocated our joining the Court with the following four reservations:

(1) A declaration that adherence to the Court shall not be interpreted as involving any legal relation to the League of Nations nor as the assumption of any obligations under the Covenant;

(2) That the United States shall be permitted to participate in the election of judges upon an equality with the other states;

(3) That the contribution of our Country to the expenses of the maintenance of the Court shall be determined by our Congress;

(4) That no amendment shall be made to the Court Statute without our consent.

His message of February, 1923, was referred by the Senate to the Foreign Relations Committee more than two years ago.

As you doubtless know, the present Senate has the Court resolution in debate. The real discussion is over the reservations to be incorporated in the resolutions on which the vote will finally be taken.

Knowledge of the make-up of the Court is essential. The national groups in the Court of Arbitration at the Hague nominate eleven judges and four deputy judges from a list of persons representative of the best the nations possess in intellect and character. From those nominated, the Assembly and Council of the League elect, independently, one judge from each of the 11 leading nations on a majority vote from each body. The court must be reelected every nine years. It hears and decides all legal disputes brought before it by the States which are parties in the case. A state cannot be summoned before the Court for a trial and yet, if any nation signs the so-called optional clause, which twenty-five countries have thus far signed, the Court has compulsory jurisdiction over it. In the Court protocol, there are sixty-one articles which refer, in practically all of them, to the League of Nations.

Every member nation contributes a certain sum of money to the general treasury of the League and the League meets the expenses of the Court when it sees fit to do so. We are to pay thirty-five thousand dollars a year as our contribution—if we join.

There are always two sides to a story, to be bromidic, and this is true of the subject of the Permanent Court of International Justice. If you have heard both sides of the question of adherence to the Court, your mind is either in a muddle as to what to uphold, or on hearing the affirmative and negative arguments, it has helped you to analyze what your own standpoint is concerning the Court. I think the stronger arguments are on the negative side. There is no doubt in my mind that adherence to the Court would mean too close connection with the League of Nations. Jefferson said: "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe." If the Permanent Court of International Justice were not an "organ" of the League of Nations as it is called in its literature, the Court would be a differ-

ent proposition—and a different institution. Of course you know that the objection to the League is that it is a political organization and as constituted its power rests on armed force.

Perhaps there is something in the idea of developing the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague. If I quote Hon. George H. Tinkham, it might give you food for thought: "There is already in the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, of which the United States is a member, an international court which is free and independent, nonpolitical, and which represents the sovereign nations directly. This court, with its panel of judges, from which selection can be made by contesting nations, has as much authority for the settlement of international controversies submitted to it as has the Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations with its

permanent judges, and the majority of the permanent judges of the latter court, are upon the panel of judges of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Both of these courts settle only those disputes submitted to them; they can prevent none. Neither has it compulsory jurisdiction. Both were included in the recent Locarno arbitration treaties as equal agents for the administration of international justice. If it is thought that it is advantageous for an international court to have permanent judges instead of a panel of judges for such controversies, a third Hague conference could set up such a court, and it should be called."

Senator Moses speaks well of The Hague in the four conditions on which he proposes our adherence to a World Court should rest.

GENEVA A. CORNELL.

THE GRENADIER

I saw him in September swinging through
the school,
A hat of gayest green upon his head.
He played with paints and modeled from
atop a lofty stool,
While dreams of great success his fancy fed.
I saw him dance and frolic throughout each
golden day.
The light of laughter sparkled in his eye.
He stood before an easel and daubed in
colors gay,
And sang in glee, "A happy boy am I!"

I saw him in November walk slowly up the
stairs
To prove his mettle in a dreaded test;
His face was tinged blue purple from his
heavy cares,
Yet valiantly he strove to do his best.
I saw him in a corner bravely battling his
fate,
Scanning all his work with weary eye.
He drew his cloth eraser, wiped the drawing
off the slate,
And muttered, "What a hopeless fool am I!"

I saw him in December march quietly along,
His coat of green besmeared from many a
fray.
He charged upon his canvas with arm both
sure and strong,
And naught his fiery ardor could dismay.
I saw him pressing onward o'erpowering the
crowd
A greater store of energy to buy.
He brought his produce forward, of his
heavy labor proud,
And smiled at me, "A happy man am I!"

I'll see him in the future when he's gained
a name,
Putting Sargent's renown all to naught.
I'll hear the old world humming the songs
of his great fame,
And telling of the battles that he fought.
I'll see him take his pallet and sit upon
the moon,
The stars his brilliant canvas holding high.
He'll tie his cup of water to an Italian-pink
balloon,
And paint his glory on a Grecian sky.

HILDA L. FROST.

WHO IS MRS. MARGARET W. EGGLESTON?

Something entirely different from our usual trend of stories is offered in an article by Mrs. Margaret W. Eggleston.

Mrs. Margaret W. Eggleston is widely known for her character building books for young people. She is the daughter of a minister, and has been educated in New York State Teachers College, Western Reserve, and Boston Universities. With her husband, Rev. G. H. Eggleston, she built up a remarkable work for young people in Green Street Church, Brooklyn, in which the telling of stories was a distinct feature. After her husband's death, Mrs. Eggleston served as Director of Religious Education in a Cleveland church, and in 1917 became a professor in the School of Religious Education and Social Service of Boston University. She is known throughout the country as an authority on Young People's Division of the Church School, and work with adolescent girls, as well as for her mastery of the art of story telling.

This short story, like many, if not all of her stories, is taken directly from life.

THE PICTURE THAT LIVED

The beautiful Italian sunlight streamed in through the doors and the windows of the great Pitti art gallery in Florence. It brought out the delicate colors of the treasures on the walls, and it made one just glad to be alive and in such a wonderful place.

Most of those who wandered through the galleries were adults, but in their midst was a beautiful little American girl of seven. She had walked far and was weary and eager to go home. Occasionally her mother would rest on a stair and cuddle her close a few short minutes. Then on they would go.

Suddenly the party came to a room where only one picture could be seen, but a great wave of admiration could be heard as one and another saw the much-loved Madonna of the Chair by Raphael just ahead of them. It was in a great golden frame and stood on an easel where all could see and admire its wondrous beauty.

Quickly the child broke away from her mother and stood in front of it, her little face wreathed in smiles.

"Mother," she said, "Tell me this baby's name. No, mother, tell me the story. Please tell me the story."

The guests in the gallery hushed their voices as they heard the shrill little voice and saw the child draw the mother to the picture.

For a moment the mother hesitated. Then the two moved to the window. The

child cuddled near, her little yellow curls close to the face of the mother, and this is what was told her:

"Long and long and long ago there lived a beautiful little mother."

"Like you, Mama?"

"Oh, much more beautiful than your mama."

"No, no. No mama is more beautiful than my mama!"

"She had a dear little baby whom she loved very much."

"Like you, mama?"

"Yes dear, just like me."

She called this dear little baby, Jesus, and sometimes when the baby's cousin came to see them, the beautiful mother would cuddle the baby on her knee and hold the hand of little John—

"Oh mama—that is how you hold Teddy's hand, isn't it?"


"And then the mother would sing to them both just as I sing to you: 'God is Love and God is Good.'" And the mother hummed the little song.

For a moment the child was still. Then she slipped from her mother's lap and skipped across to the picture. She lifted her little hand and waved it to the beautiful mother. Then she said, "I can sing your song, too, and I'd like to sing with you. Won't you sing with me, Jesus?"


Softly the sweet voice rang through the room—"God is Love and God is Good."

Though no baby voice answered, she had

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EDITORIAL



Information is my quest. Will some comrade come forward and help me to appreciate modern art? To me it is something so intangible that it has lost all the charm and interest one seeks when going to an exhibition. There has been an exhibit at the Boston Art Club which—although I am no authority, I have my own ideas—does not seem to possess charm of color, technique or real charm of line. Line, I believe, is the artist's chief thought, but why not make it beautiful line combined with lovely color and composition? Have these artists studied much, or have they used their own ideas, or groups of ideas, in composing, drawing, painting, and harmonizing the colors in their paintings? I should like to understand and appreciate these paintings, and I know there are others who feel as I do.

I think an open discussion on the subject would be an interesting way of understanding or helping someone else to appreciate, by giving to each other the ideas we have received through reading and observation.

HELEN DAUPHINEE.

CAW! CAW! MICAWBER!

History may be bunk and all that, but I'll bet that ever since this world has been

twirling somebody has been panning the so-called bromide. In fact, we hear so much of him now that it is nearing the bromidic to speak of him.

In the Bible, he is numerous. Spenser in his *Faerie Queene* calls him Ignaro, or the man who walks one way and looks another. Ignorance is always wrong-headed. There again, Shakespeare with his ignorant Nick Bottom in *A Midsummer's Night Dream* has painted the man who thought he could do everything and do it better than everyone else. Nor, presently, we hear from Stephen Leacock in his satire, *The Snoopopath*. This well illustrates the modern expression "a riding." We Freshmen are indeed acquainted with it.

But of all these, I think Dickens has given us the best idea of a real bromide. You meet *him* everywhere. Such a good fellow—sure—take it easy—life is too short—life is to live in—I'll wait until something shows up—Oh yes, I save a little—Well, I'll wait until I get home—Haven't got time—etc., etc. A "miscawber." Could anything else describe the hopelessly hopeful person who never arrives at success because he never starts? Don't you pity him? Don't you pity *him*? You might be pitying yourself!

RALPH I. SHEPHERD, '29.

MY ENLIGHTENMENT

Since entering the Massachusetts Normal Art School, I have learned:

1. That punctuation is not dropping the excess ink with emphasis and variety.
2. That my spelling is not *alright* unless I spell *all right*.
3. That if I am intelligent I can say "It is not worth a damn" and not be guilty of using profanity; but that the ignorant man who uses the expression is swearing.
N. B. The difference between Intelligence and Ignorance!
4. That I am a Snoopopath.

5. That I am a Bromide.
6. That the Copley Square Library should be my Boston Club.
7. That an active membership in my Boston Club will enable me to realize the unity underlying all the arts: painting, sculpture, music, architecture, literature.
8. That education in Art is just one stairs after another—per aspera ad astra.
9. That Art is long, and I (a-lass or a-lack) am not a Sulphite.
10. That Sargent should have been, at least, a Major.

NATIONAL COLLEGIATE WORLD COURT CONFERENCE
PRINCETON, N. J., DEC. 10-11, 1925

The 4:10 from Pennsylvania Station carried many strap-hangers to Princeton. The two hours ride passed quickly for me, with the aid of some "advance literature" on the conference and the current copy of "Judge."

We were met at Princeton by some very collegiate looking chaps who carried our luggage and proved later to be Freshmen, as we surmised from their funny little black skull caps, many sizes too small, and their superior knowledge of Princeton, which they freely imparted.

Incidentally, Princeton freshies are not "picked on" one day or one week as at M. N. A. S., but all year. Among other penalties they must wear the skull cap at all times; must attend chapel every morning, and must not have bicycles, a very handy means of transportation on the large campus, and enjoyed by upperclassmen. After registration and assignment to our rooms at the various clubs, we gathered at the large dining halls for dinner. After dinner, the delegates had reserved seats in Alexander Hall for the Lenroot Darrow debate. There are no fraternities at Princeton. In their places are the "eating clubs," to which only Juniors and Seniors may belong. During the Sophomore year, students are invited on certain days to the various clubs, that they might choose their Senior year, the club which they wish to enter. Eight of us were assigned to Cloister Inn Club, a beautiful Gothic building very tastefully furnished. But then, all the University buildings are very beautiful.

A lunch of coffee and sandwiches were provided us by the club members, after the debate, and then followed a discussion hour at the club. When we retired to our rooms, we found that six of us were lucky enough to be quartered in the large pool room, fitted up temporarily as our sleeping quarters, all of which proved too tempting and we yielded. Never having played pool, I had beginner's luck, and with unbelievable and unexplainable trick shots, I won two games! I had a hard time trying to convince "Cal," "Felix" and "Kansas" that pool was not in the Normal Art curriculum.

By the way, I'd like you to meet "Kansas"—I don't remember his name but that

doesn't matter—he represents the University of Kansas; Calvin Frankenfield of Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa., and "Felix Cohen" the fiery tempered, pompadoured blonde from City College, N. Y.—(N. Y. American) Felix as editor of the school paper at City College caused considerable excitement by his editorial opposition to compulsory military training in the colleges.

After the pool tournament came the inevitable pillow fight. Twenty minutes after, quiet reigned. Cal remembered that he had placed his pocket book in his pillow, and caused considerable excitement trying to find it. After searching everyone else's pillow, it was found under the head of the fiery tempered pompadoured blonde youth from City College.

Come down, as we say in the sub titles, and breakfast at the club,—then to the discussion group in "Labor and War" to which Cal and I were assigned. At noon the entire conference assembled for photograph. After lunch we attended the "Open Forum," where delegates raised their opinions for and against the World Court.

Saturday we had our final and very lengthy meeting, where resolutions were drawn up and plans for a permanent Student Organization formed.

President Hibben of Princeton and President Vincent of the Rockefeller Foundation gave farewell addresses. This meeting lasted until one A. M. Sunday and we were tired enough by that time to use the pool tables only as parking space for trousers.

Morning brought farewell handshakes with the four that I shall long remember when I think of Princeton and the World Court Conference.

The thing that impressed me most about Princeton was the wonderful spirit shown by the undergraduates.

Without hesitation, they wholeheartedly welcomed us into their Clubs, their most sacred possessions, and did their utmost to entertain us and make us comfortable. On the campus, recognizing us as strangers and possibly confused, they would stop, introduce themselves and go considerably out

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SHADES OF AESOP

One day a young hound met a tortoise. "What is your ambition in life?" asked he. "I hope some time to cross over that mountain," said the tortoise. "I hope to belong to a circus," said the hound, "and leap higher and run faster than any other dog in the world." As he sat musing, the tortoise waddled off toward the mountain.

Years after, an old hound chanced to

meet a tortoise. "What have you done in life?" asked the hound. "I crossed that mountain and I'm starting out now for the larger one over there. What have you done?" "I hoped to be in a circus," said the dog, "and run and jump better than any other dog in the whole world." Better small successes than big failures.

EDWIN A. HOADLEY.

DESIGN IN RELATION TO THE HOME

Design is an important and necessary factor in all phases of art such as painting, modeling, architecture, color, and craft work. However, the ordinary business or home person has little opportunity or desire to exercise her ability in creating designs in these fine arts. But what person isn't called upon almost daily to make choices which will effect her immediate surroundings, perhaps her modes of living, or even her temperament? Some of the most common and outstanding instances of this are the important problems in the choice of wearing apparel, home furnishings, and decoration. In the choice and solving of these problems one has a very definite opportunity to exercise his feeling for design and beauty, for it is in these intimate cases that one's refinement and taste are reflected.

One's whole life is a design and looking yet further, is not the whole universe a design? It is governed by certain forces which keep it under control and order; it is infinite, and balanced; there is not a clashing or disturbing element about it, neither is it monotonous. Still, the business or home person may not be able to come in close contact or appreciation with something which seems so far off and perhaps too intangible to be practical. However, this need not hamper her, for nature is brimming over with design on every hand. Taking that statement literally, let us consider the human hand from the standpoint of beauty and design. Is it not a complete design in itself even without the rest of the body? The dominant mass or division is that part extending from the wrist to the knuckles. The section from the knuckle to the first joint, in the finger, bears a certain proportional relation to the dominant area of the palm. The first joint to the second joint bears a certain relation to the second largest area, while the second joint to the tip of the finger is proportionally related to the third largest area. None of the fingers are equal in length and they all radiate from one central point at the wrist. Is this not a perfect design? The hand in turn bears a definite relation to the rest of the figure which is a perfect design throughout, barring, of course, accidents of nature.

It is very possible, especially to those having a sensitiveness to beauty, to take these principles and lessons in beauty found

in nature and bring them into application or use in the home. All the elements of beauty must be considered when furnishing and decorating the home. From nature, we have learned that a beautiful design must have harmony of line, shape, and color; it almost must have rythm and balance and good proportion. Keeping these principles of beauty in mind and remembering that design is a matter of selection and arrangement, let us consider the problems and elements to be considered in home decoration.

Among these elements are floors, rugs, walls, wall paper, hangings, ceilings, selection and arrangement of furniture, and pictures. First of all, let us think of a room as a background or setting for the person or persons who live in it. To be a background, then, it is obvious that it should be quiet and refined so that it is the personality of the occupant that holds the attention and not the room.

Floors are usually darker than the walls or ceiling, so as to give the room stability. Carpets or rugs may add a bit of color to the room, but one should be very careful when selecting rugs that they are good in design, that they tie in with the color scheme of the room, and are suited to the room in which they are to be used.

In selecting wall paper one must guard against loud or clashing motifs, strong colors, and naturalistic designs unless the wall paper is to be the only mode of decoration used. Even then this should be avoided if it is to be used in room which is to be lived in, such as a library or living room.

White ceilings give the room height and airiness, while tinted ceilings carrying the wall color up into the ceiling also give height and soften the effect of the pure white ceiling.

Heavy hanging and drapery are not suitable to the average modern home nowadays and it is much to our benefit that they are passing out of sight for reasons of beauty and health. Heavily draped and festooned windows are very rarely beautiful, being decidedly bad taste and unhealthful.

In selecting furniture, one must consider the room in which it is to be used so as not to have a small room lumbered up with heavy, bulky furniture nor a large room with very delicate furniture. If the walls of the room are light in value, then one

must be very careful as to the design of the furniture used in that room as the light paper shows off the furniture very clearly. If, however, one is using some old furniture, or some that is not in the best of condition, care must be taken to choose a paper as dark or very nearly as dark as the furniture so as not to attract undue attention to it.

Pictures should be used sparingly and in good taste in a room. Thought must be given to their arrangement so that one has the sensation of balance and unity when seeing them on the wall. The pictures in the room should reflect the personality of the occupant. Personal pictures or photo-

graphs should never be on display, except perhaps in a bedroom; certainly not in a room where visitors are received. Pictures should be hung as near the eye level as is convenient but very large pictures can afford to be hung a bit higher than the ordinary.

There is no reason why a person of moderate means cannot have just as beautiful and livable a home as a person of much wealth, as it is simple careful arrangement that makes for beauty. A person may show, through his home, just as much artistic taste and refinement as anyone can on a canvas.

VIRGINIA STARBIRD.

ANGELO VALENTI

Friends of Angelo Valenti will be interested to know that this versatile genius has, after considerable experimentation, invented a device which is bound to awaken enthusiasm among his masculine companions, and which, it is believed, will do much to reduce the risk in a certain hazardous indoor sport still popular at the Art School.

To this interesting creation Mr. Valenti has given the significant name "Amometer" from the French "Armour" (love) and "Meter" (a measure). The device consists of a small dial bearing a pointer actuated by delicate, though precise mechanism, the whole being enclosed within a flat metal covering similar to a cigarette case.

The operation of the Amometer is simplicity itself. Mr. Valenti states that all it is necessary to do is to set the hand at zero; then approach the young lady, the sincerity of whose attachment it is desired to test. When the instrument is brought in close proximity to the head of the unsuspecting Venus, the warmth of her affection

will be instantly registered in calories on the dial. Mr. Valenti has found by numerous trials that the inside breast pocket offers a most convenient hiding place for the little detector, providing as it does concealment, as well as the necessary propinquity.

The importance of this invention as a guide to conduct and as a means of forestalling action for breach of promise can hardly be over-estimated. Mr. Valenti says it has already saved him from several embarrassing situations. It is needless to say that the device has attracted favorable comment from the masculine portion of the school population. We are told that "Acey" Lowe has applied for the exclusive agency.

The Chamber of Commerce is bringing pressure to bear on Mr. Valenti for the purpose of influencing him to locate his factory in New England, but we understand that he has acquired permanent interests in Virginia.

P. R.

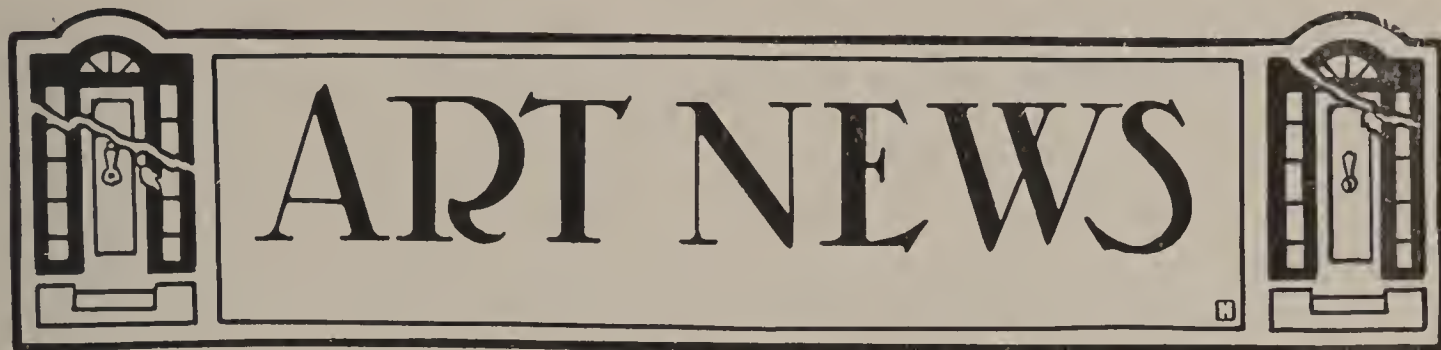
LUCTUS HOMINUM NOVORUM!

(To be wept 'mid the bars of that famous drinking song, "Show Me the Way to Go Home")

I'm a Freshie, I'm a Freshie,
Moping all the while.
Isn't there somebody here
To show me how to smile?
Six-week exams so worry me
They've knocked me off my feet—
With this sadful melody
Everyone I greet.

They will show me the way to go home
When my paper's seen and read,
I had a little test about an hour ago—
Not a darn thing in my head.
No matter how I moan,
And weep, and cry, and groan,
You wont see me around for very long—
They will show me the way to go home!

LINCOLN S. LEVINSON.



ART NEWS

At the Vose Galleries, the first of December, was an exhibition of paintings by various artists. Such men as Hibbard, Pothast, Enneking, Goodwin, and Woodbury are represented in this hanging. The canvases of varied descriptions comprise a diversifying group. They are widely different in spirit but unified in their endeavor toward beauty. Pothast's *Young Mother*, like a nineteenth century Dutch painting is one of the finest works present.

Marion Boyd Allen was showing her sketches of the Rockies at the Vose at this time. In them she has expressed much of the nobility of these mighty mountains, and also shown a feeling for surfaces and recesses. Her manner of painting, however, is rather thin and shallow.

At the Irving and Casson Galleries was an exhibit of oils by Frederick M. Grant. All these canvasses are highly decorative with a penchant for mass arrangement and richness of color. Occasionally his use of red is a bit "de trop" and annoying. His paintings show skill, facility and suavity.

Philip L. Hale and Frank Benson were at The Guild during December. Frank Benson had a fine collection of oils and watercolors. Benson's work imparts a sensation of fleeting beauty caught and arrested vital with a breath of all out-doors; it stirs a sluggish pulse in response to all that is grand and lovely in Nature. The sweeping grace of birds on the wing, the haunting remembrance of a hushed duck in the woods, the charming loneliness of salt marshland are but few of the impressions left by his show. He seems to recognize at once how rare, unsuspected, peaceful moments imbued with beauty and the joy of living, that are like jewels in our lives. Coupled with this appreciation is his facture skillful and his technique exemplary.

Philip L. Hale had a group of oils on exhibit in all of which the human element is

apparent. There are no pure landscape or marines. Many of the canvases are carefully studied portraits showing a striving for versimilitude and perfection of rendition. These subjects are more pleasing than *Twilight and Sunshine*, although the latter have an artistic quality. Perhaps the most stunning paintings are those of the nudes. The melting flesh softness, the dusky half tones, the deep shadow, the luminous radiance, the grace of arrangement combine to make these the most alluring of the show. Hale paints rather naively at times shunning conventional methods of obtaining effect. There is a marked difference between his works showing that in his conscientious devotion to his task, he paints better as he paints more.

At Irving and Casson's, the last of December, was a collection of dog studies by Percival Rousseau, the southern painter. For many years, he has made dogs his specialty and has acquitted himself admirably, portraying all the life and beauty of man's noblest animal.

At Doll and Richard's Olaf Olsen was showing his vigorous, enthusiastic watercolors. The subjects are taken from South Carolina and the North Shore.

At Grace Horne's were paintings and sketches by Joseph Presser and Lawrence Grant. Presser is still a student at the Museum School and a very promising one. He had some able studies of out-of-door subjects. Sure of himself, he paints with a nice veracity of feeling.

At the Copley Galleries were watercolors by C. Howard Walker, architect and design teacher. They are spirited and revelatory with excellent perspective and structure. The cathedral sketches are romantic as well as penetrating. The Bermuda scenes are colorful and masterful.

Rosamund Coolidge also had a group here of pastel portraits, well executed.

At Doll and Richard's in January was a

very invigorating, inspiring show of sculptures by K. Taft McKenzie, anatomy teacher (both artistic and medical) and physical education expert. These figures are dynamically, potentially alive, and seem to vibrate with movement. The sensation of palpitating life and actual physical exertion is not obtained by the lax working of a fantastic imagination, nor of chance, but of an intimate knowledge of and profound respect for the human body. Most of the models are those of athletes in action or at rest, faithfully and realistically portrayed. In his allegiance to reality, however, McKenzie does not emphasize the ugly but executes a natural, descriptive piece, powerful and suggestive of beauty. The Onslaught, a study of an old football "mass play" is a remarkable group of straining, struggling, glorious manhood. The Plunger, poised for a dive is a lovely winged study, expressing all the sheer joy of pleasurable physical exertion. A group of sculptures adopted to such uses as a door knocker or candlesticks are clever but rather repellent as things to live with. The suggestion of banging a handsome youth whenever you want to knock on the door is a bit unpleasant. Of course these sculptures are not Phidian, but are productions of an artist in daily contact with performers in the sport world.


At the Guild, in January, was a cosmopolitan exhibition of watercolors and pastels by Louis Kronberg. All of us are familiar with his fascinating dancing girls, so Degas-like. All these sketches are characterized by a gayety and spontaneity with no adherence to a fixed recipe. Some are mere line sketches made with a few deft, expressive strokes, while others are painted with an eye for color, tones and values. Mr. Kronberg's style is a loose one, and possibly not pleasing to many. His work is stenographic rather than studied. He gives lively impressions of places that please him—souvenirs of Paris, Trouville, Sevres, Seville.

The Vose Galleries was the setting of another show internationally interesting. This one was by the "Irish Sargent," Sir John Lavery. This artist has the same "premier coup" quality that Sargent has, much audacity and enthusiasm if not the exquisiteness, reticence and contemplation of our Boston artists. Lively with virility and characterization, they somehow lack the finesse of Tarbell and the feeling for flesh

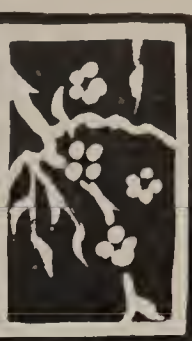
and blood of Renoir. All his work is colorful and intensive if a bit dry at times. His interiors have an artistic bang, by reason of extraordinary values and color tones. They seem carelessly done but are unquestionably effective. With nerve and decision he paints the great Bernard Shaw, Lord Curzon, the royal family, Princess Pat, and the whole House of Commons. This latter is exceptionally clever, not because of mass differentiations but because of swift, sure characterization of the members.

The portraits of the lovely Mrs. Lavery are very appealing and offer an interesting record of modern woman. The graceful purple and red portrait is a pleasure to the eyes. The landscapes express the attitude of a man enjoying an avocation. He does not laboriously attempt to copy all of nature's phenomena but merely reproduces a lovely phase of nature broadly and artistically. Sir Lavery can never be accused of fumbling. He knows what he wants and goes after it in a determined but joyous manner.

At Irving and Casson's in January was a show for those interested in Hispanic Art by two deaf mute brothers, Ramon and Valentin Zubiaurre. Like most paintings from Spain, these are forceful, dramatic, and pictorial, a brilliant record of Spanish manners and customs. Ramon is less of a draftsman than his brother but more of a humorist. In *The Race*, we have a delightful depiction of the old men of the village laboriously running a race to the plaudits of the old dames and their daughters. His lack of academic knowledge is most apparent in his head drawing where there is no continuity between his skull and his exaggerated features. Valentin is more sophisticated, more subtle in his painting than his brother, and therefore inspires more psychological response. His portrait of an old man Jose-Mare is reminiscent of the old Italian primitives and shows an acquaintance with former methods of paintings. *Golden Wedding* is an interesting canvas of an old couple, appealing in its suggestiveness. The coloring is dry and not particularly pleasing, the drawing often amateurish, transitions frequently unobserved, but in spite of all this there is a group of pictures, admirably delineating the life of the Basques in their native Northern Spain. Here is all the vigor, spirit, homeliness and joyousness of these agreeable descendants of old Ireland.



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Vol. IV

Boston, Massachusetts, February, 1926

No. 3

A THIEF?

A white-crested wave rushed in and dashed against the gray rocks; drops of sparkling spray nearly reached the girl seated on the ledge above.

Before her was an easel upon which rested a finished picture. It was beautiful. Even Alice, who was never satisfied with her work, admitted this to herself. Now upon the canvas, one could almost see the tiny sailboats flitting back and forth. A long breakwater stretched far off in the distance with a lighthouse faintly outlined.

"All my work in vain!" sobbed the girl wiping the tears from her eyes.

Mr. Francis Reynolds, the noted landscape artist, had offered a prize to the Art School pupil who submitted the most skillful work to the contest.

Diligently Alice had worked, but fate being cruel, she had to stay home a week because of her mother's illness. During her absence, a notice was sent to the school saying all pictures must be at Mr. Reynolds' studio in New York on, or before, the first of June. When Alice heard this it was too late to send her picture.

"What's the use!" she cried, endeavoring to keep the tears back.

Hearing steps approaching, Alice gave one last sob into her handkerchief. Glancing up she saw a strange, old man. Below his silver gray hair, bright blue eyes sparkled. Instantly he noticed the girl's tearful countenance and a kindly expression o'erspread his face. Coming nearer, he gazed at the picture, and after at least five minutes of complete silence, he exclaimed "Well done, child!"

At these words, all the disappointment returned to the girl. Alice never knew why she did so,—perhaps it was under the influence of the kind old eyes,—however, she told him all.

"So you see, sir, my work is all in vain," she faintly murmured, bowing her fair head.

"All in vain? No, my child. No work well done, is ever in vain."

"Alice! Alice!" came a soft call.

"Mother!" exclaimed Alice. "Oh, sir, will you please care for my work until I return? I will be gone for only a few minutes."

"Certainly," replied the man, watching the girl until she disappeared around the ledge. Carefully grasping the picture, he hurriedly left.

Upon returning, Alice could hardly believe her eyes. Where was the kind old man,—and her picture?

"How could he!" she cried.

This was the last drop in her cup of bitterness. Now even the picture was gone, and with it her last bit of hope.

The assembly hall was very quiet, but the atmosphere was filled with expectancy. Hundreds of eager eyes were fixed on the door through which they knew the great artist was to enter.

Alice sat rather dejectedly among her friends. How excited they were! She had nothing to hope for; they, everything.

At last Mr. Reynolds appeared. Alice nearly rose from her seat, for there stood the old man who had disappeared with her

picture. Surely this must be a dream. No, there was the same kind of smile, the same twinkling eyes.

At last Alice heard the words "I, therefore, present the first prize to Miss Alice Burlington. Will she please step forward?"

As in a dream, Alice walked down the long aisle to the stage. In her hands was placed the first prize—a beautiful set of oil paints. Two tears like tiny crystal beads fell on the hands of the old man as he presented the prize. Again she received that kindly smile, as he whispered to her very softly the following words:—even above the cheers of her classmates, Alice heard them distinctly:—

"Work well done, my child, is never in vain."

FLORA E. MATHESON '29.

OUR A, B, C's

Art

"His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand:

His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;

Still born to improve us in every part,

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

O. GOLDSMITH.

Books

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books we know,

Are 'a substantial world both pure and good;

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

W. WORDSWORTH.

Courage

"Courage, the highest gift that scorns to bend

To mean devices for a sordid end,

Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,

By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high alone.

Great in itself, not praises of the crowd.

Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.

Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,

By which those great in war are great in love.

The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear."

G. FARQUHAR.

MY PUPPY DOG AND I

I have a little puppy dog,
Not any special breed—but gee,
The fellows are so jealous
Of the puppy dog with me.

He is such a friendly little dog
And laughs with that tail of his
And talks with his funny, wiggly ears,
And barks for emphasis.

A smarter dog you've never seen
For when he sees me get my pole,
He slyly winks his knowing eye
And starts right off to the fishin' hole.

And when I'm feeling rather sad
And afraid that I shall cry,
He snuggles up so close and warm
And puts his nose against my eye.

When Mary Ann has slapped my face
'Cause I tried to hold her hand
And all the world seems cruel and hard,
My dog, at least, can understand.

When my Pa has spanked me hard
And I'm in bed to "think it over,"
There's no one I love in the whole wide world
As much as I love my Rover.

R. E. C. '29.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

"If you are writing a letter to your friend,—print it!"—Mr. Hoadley.

Of all sad scenes of brush and pen
The saddest are those of poor freshmen!



INCOL
EVING
'29

"PAROLES SANS CHANT"
("Words Without Song")

"DITCH DAY"

The San Bernadino valley is one of the most picturesque places in California. It is entirely surrounded by foothills and mountains which rise on one side to the height of nearly 11,000 feet. In the winter the peaks of these higher mountains are covered with snow, and form a velvety soft background for the dark green checkerboard effect of the orange groves and vineyards dotted here and there with the red roofs and white buildings of the cities and towns in the valley.

For a time I lived in one of these valley towns. It was the custom there for the senior class of the High School to "ditch" school one day each year to hike up the mountains to the snow. How we all looked forward to and planned in secret for "ditch day!" Of course we had the permission of the office and always invited the senior teachers, but it was part of the fun to keep the rest of the school in ignorance of our plans until we were half way up the mountain.

We started about five o'clock in the morning, dressed for mountain climbing, and the whole crowd squeezed into whatever autos and trucks the boys of the class were able to beg, borrow, or steal.

As we rode thru the valley, past green fields of sweet smelling alfalfa and thru dark orange groves heavy with ripe fruit, the sun rose gloriously above the distant rim of the mountains which stood in purple silhouette against their red-gold background.

Climbing the gradual ascent, we reached a point where we could look back on the valley relations we had just left; another lovely picture lay before us.

The thin mist slowly rising from the lowlands caught the sunlight and was reflected back to us as a thin gold veil, half hiding the rich greens and the delicate purples.

Finally we began to climb the foothills at the base of the mountains where the narrowing road soon became so steep that the cars were left behind, and we continued the ascent on foot.

Imagine yourself half way up the long climb on a narrow, muddy road that winds in and out between the foothills in its effort to find the easiest grade; on your right, a little canyon perhaps fifty feet deep and

one hundred or more feet wide in the bottom of which is a little gurgling brook tumbling over the rocks in miniature waterfalls while the sides of the gorge are lined with sage and yucca. Rising out of the canyon on the other side is another hill six or seven hundred feet high, while all around the still higher hills, ever reaching up toward the mountains, all of them covered with scrub sage and live oak with here and there a little snow on the tall thin pines that crown the tops of the highest peaks.

After we had walked two or three miles thru this beautiful scenery, we came to a little hut where we stopped to warm ourselves by the big open fireplace. The trail beyond this hut was only a winding footpath, very rough and steep, so that we had to walk in Indian file.

When we had proceeded about half a mile we ran into a rainstorm, but we were so warm from our exertions and were all so happy that we didn't mind it.

Soon, however, as we climbed higher the rain changed to snow and the mud on the trail became half frozen, making travel still more difficult. Here half a dozen of our party began to get cold feet in more ways than one, and deciding that they had had enough of mountain climbing for one day, turned to the cabin to await the descent of their more adventurous companions.

As we continued up the winding trail, the grade growing always steeper and more difficult and the depth of the snow increasing, our ranks were constantly thinning as fresh recruits were added to the group that went back to the inn. It was only a handful of survivors that eventually reached the top and stood on the little rounding table that formed the highest level.

It was amusing to a New Englander to watch the effect of the snow on the "native sons." Hardly one of them had ever seen snow before at close range. They chased each other around in it, tasted it, handled it, and had several spectacular snow fights, and showed in every way how much they were enjoying an experience that they had previously known only through stories.

We could now, like the bear, "see the other side of the mountain," and while much higher peaks rose before us, their

snow covered tops far above the timber line, we could here and there between them catch glimpses of the wide stretching sands of the distant Mojave Desert, lying in rich yellows and browns against the hazy blue sky. It formed a wonderful picture; in the background the stifling yellow heat of the land of Death Valley, while the snow-covered slopes of the nearby mountains rose in the foreground.

When we started back we were often able to see the trail fifty or sixty feet below us as it wound back on itself, and with many screams of fear and delight, we braced ourselves and slid down the steep slope

thru the snow until we struck the trail below. This of course made our descent much easier and shorter than following the round about trail.

When we reached the cabin we found the others; some sitting around the roaring fire, the rest dancing on the old rough floor while one of the girls was coaxing groans and jazz from an old battered piano in one corner.

Then as we walked along the narrow road in the foothills to the cars and crossed the dusky green valley toward home, everyone heartily agreed that "ditch day" was one ripping success. ELEANOR WILDER.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The lover of Literature and all the arts suggests that the following be added to the Department of Education List:

- Maeterlinck*—The Blue Bird.
- Rostand*—Chanticleer.
- Barrie*—Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.
- MacDonald*—At the Back of the North Wind.
- Dodge*—Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates.
- Grahame*—The Wind in the Willows.
- Snedeker*—The Spartan.
- Stein*—Gabriel and the Hour Book.
- Padraic Colum*—Children of Odin; The Forge in the Forest; Children's Homer; Isles of the Mighty.
- Ewing*—Jan of the Windmill.
- Howard Pyle*—King Arthur Series; Robin Hood; Pepper and Salt; Otto of the Silver Hand.
- Baldwin*—Story of Siegfried; Story of Roland.
- Ella Young*—Celtic Wonder Tales.

- O'Grady*—The Coming of Cuculain.
- Renninger*—Story of Rustam—from the Firdusi.
- Steel*—Indian Gods and Heroes.
- C. Kingsley*—The Heroes.
- Baldwin*—The Sampo.
- Glover*—Tales from an Earthly Paradise.
- Gil Blas*—Don Quixote (retold by Parry).
- Swift*—Gulliver's Travels.
- Kipling*—The Jungle Books; Just So Stories.
- Blackmore*—Lorna Doone.
- Hudson*—A Little Boy Lost.
- Also the folk tales of the different countries such as:
- James*—Green Willow (Japan).
- Fillmore*—The Shoemaker's Apron (Czecho-Slovakia).
- Wheeler*—Russian Wonder Tales.

And everyone agrees that Burke's Conciliation of the American Colonies should die a natural death.

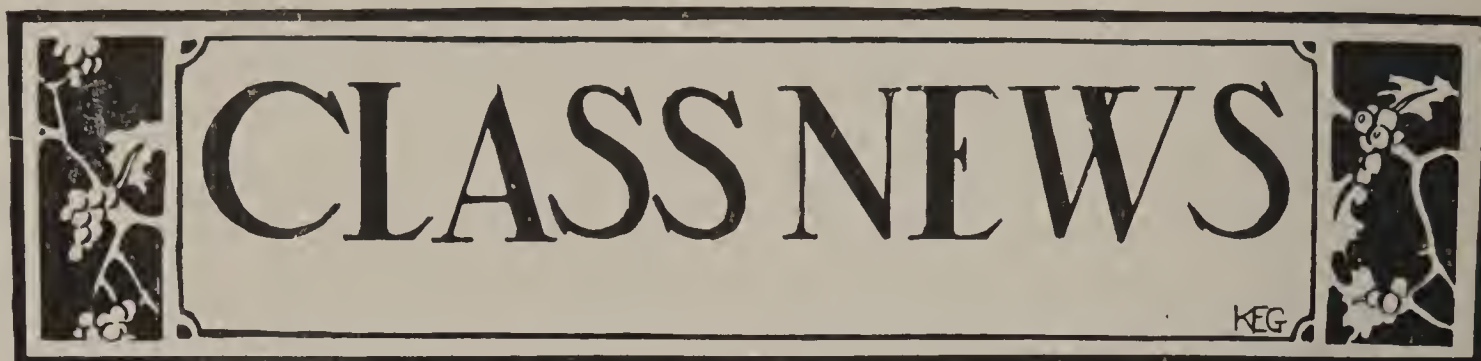
MOMENTS

Moments—small, minute, and not worthwhile.

We oft do think of them and smile
To note how swiftly they have gone.
Yet—in a moment a life is born.

Moments,—boresome trifles do little weigh:
Just mere things to waste, we say.
A breath or two and they have flown.
Still in a moment a life is done.

FLOYD A. HARDY.
Division I.



CLASS NEWS

1926 GLEANINGS

Although the Christmas Pageant of the Four Sacred Mysteries has come and left behind the enrichment of our imaginations I cannot refrain from commenting upon it and those seniors that helped make it that symbolic vision of Christianity.

Charles Austin was director of the senior episode and the cast was as follows: The Madonna, Marion Clark; Angels, Helen Davidson, Margaret Hughes, Dorothy White; Joseph, Charles MacDonald; Shepherds, Kenneth Bates, Fred Russell, Paul Vancini; Wise-men, Fred O'Hara, Louis Novak, Henry Klien. Elmer Hall was in charge of the lighting and Elizabeth Ashton helped with the music. Eleanor Holland sang in her rich deep voice "Silent Night" during the first tableau. Miss Hathaway was the faculty advisor.

Words are inadequate to express the profound impression the pageant made upon the audience, and Christianity was a fitting climax to the colorful episode of Egypt, the bizarre mysteries of Isis; the quintalism, paganism and incense of India in the triumph of Buddha; the bold, striking, alive Norse, the Northland and the death of Balder. Christianity with its brooding Madonna swathed in white, the serenity of Joseph, bent and worn, the shepherds in their dull robes gazing in awe at the glory

of the golden star and then the wise men in their richly embroidered cloaks brought gifts to the Babe. The conclusion where Christ refuses a crown of earthly glory and proclaims the beatitudes to the worshipping multitude, was an inspiring one.

January fourth we returned to school and plans were formed for the senior formal dance. Eleanor Holland was chosen chairman with the following assistants: General, Thelma Sundlie; tickets, Edna Applebee; favors and refreshments, Reginald Kibbe; invitations, Elizabeth Ashton.

The tentative date is February 10 and the music will be Fred's Teddy Bears. More anon!

Livia Tonan is back. She was detained in Italy with passport difficulties and finally sailed for Boston very much delayed.

Kenneth Bates is assisting at the North Adams Normal School Art Department for three months.

Kenneth Morang is in Florida recuperating and will return in a month.

Ruth Smith is engaged to James Powell, a designer and illustrator. She received her solitaire for Christmas.

In resumé, the important event to look forward to is our formal dance. Watch for further particulars. Voila!

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Our third Christmas spread was a decided success and we shall long remember the spirit of good fellowship which attended our recent festivities, as well as the long, candle-lighted festive board and attractively delicious luncheon.

We were generously honored by the attendance of faculty guests whose speeches and apparent enjoyment added much to our pleasure. Santa appeared in a uniquely modern costume and most generously re-

membered our wants. Especially grateful was Mr. Major to receive his favorite fruit, while the skeleton with which Mr. Andrew was presented was much appreciated. Mr. Andrew insisted, however, that he already had a perfectly good skeleton of his own.

We congratulate our Spread Committee upon the success of their luncheon and are already looking forward to our Senior Spread. We waited both patiently and impatiently for the Christmas Pageant to be

presented, but quite unanimously agreed that it was well worth waiting for. The beauty of thought so charmingly written, was presented most pleasingly with professional and highly artistic effect by the four classes of our school, ably directed by members of our faculty.

A recent event of much interest in our class was the wedding of our classmate, formerly Miss Lillian Schmitt, who has become the bride of Mr. Alexander McAlpine, a New York lawyer.

The very delightful wedding festivities which took place at the home of the bride, in Wollaston, were attended by about sixteen of her M. N. A. S. classmates who happily participated in the well-wishing and congratulations of the occasion. Of course all brides are charming, but our slender, gold-blond Lillian was indeed a most beautiful picture in her frame of satin, lace, orange-blossoms and roses. After the solemn vows were said, a most delicious and dainty luncheon was served, followed by the cutting of the huge, snow-white wedding-cake and

the throwing of the bride's bouquet.

Upon the departure of the bride and groom—"for parts unknown," there occurred the usual deluge of confetti which was continued generously at the South Station amid many good wishes and good-byes.

We are grateful this year for the very instructive, entertaining and interesting assembly features which have been presented to us on each Wednesday morning. These have been made possible by our principal and dean, who are so constantly contributing to our interests and to them we extend our appreciation. It was a rather unusual occurrence to have a speaker hold the attention of a large group of restless Art Students for nearly an hour, but this was accomplished recently by the intensely enthusiastic and instructive address of Kirby Page who presented to us his ideas of the World Court.

There has been a very encouraging response of subscriptions to the Year Book and work upon the publication is well underway.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The members of the Sophomore class are very active now—doing schoolwork. Of course this does not apply to all of us, it is put here to give the impression that we are too busy to run dances and such-like things. There are certainly plenty of lessons and no class dances.

The only member of the class who is engaged in school affairs at present is Priscilla Packard, our representative on the Year Book Staff. She has the terrible task of extorting subscriptions from us. Since the book is managed by all four classes this year, we feel that it is only fitting that the Sophs should support it by signing the little blanks and promising away four dollars. (This is an impassioned plea).

The contents of the book, according to Cilla, will be similar to the preceding ones. Of particular interest to Sophs will be snapshots, the class picture, and a cartoon.

Late bulletin issued by the conference of physicians attending Bobo:

Feb. 30. Bobo, Ruby's darling, is suffering from an acute attack of bright green garters. Little hope is held for recovery—of garters. Dr. Blank—Dr. Dash.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

"What did you get in design? How many A's did you get? I got B—from Mr. Major,—I was so surprised to get as good a one as that!" These were scraps of conversations heard after the Christmas vacation when, so quietly, our reports were received at home. I should say some were received quietly, while, perhaps, others were taken differently when our parents were surprised, or shocked at the depths to which we had fallen. We shall not continue to fall if we follow Mr. Major's slogan, "Permanent success cannot be achieved except by *Incessant Intellectual Labor*, always inspired by the *Ideal*."—Sara Bernhardt.

Why was there such a mysterious air around the lunch room the last day before vacation? What were the huge tubs which were rolled into the back door of the forbidden room? WE were soon to know, for as the morning added itself to the past the time was drawing near when the hungry and excited freshmen were to enter. At last the doors opened and we poured into a lunch room of rosy lights, long tables decorated for the occasion, with a special one for "our" members of the faculty. Some of

the girls had a busy time keeping their eyes open for tiny sprays of mistletoe which, now and then found their way from boys' pockets to positions over girls' heads, if they were too slow to dodge it, or,—could it be,—they didn't want to dodge it. Mr. Farnum, I believe, carried a spray and used it more than once!?!? Someone else may have been working with him and carried it for him. Just as we were finishing our repast, Santa Claus came and distributed gifts.

After the coffee, the popular route was via the front or back stairs to the assembly hall where the Christmas Pageant was to be given. The Freshmen presented the first of four episodes. The episode was, very appropriately, of Egypt—The Mysteries of Isis. The strength of the dramatic gestures told us the thoughts of the actors as clearly as if they had been spoken. Dancing and singing were mingled with tragedy, making it wholly enjoyable. Of course the Freshmen are worthy of praise, but so are the other classes, each one staging an episode. Between the scenes was drawn a novel curtain consisting of "four guardians of the past with their draperies." Each in turn read the story of the scene. Several members of the faculty should not be forgotten when praise is being distributed, for they are worthy of much of it for giving their time and help to make the affair a success. We congratulate them!

(Continued from page nine)

found a new friend in the picture.

When she left the gallery, she was holding in her hand a very lovely copy of the famous picture given her by a man who had watched her. As the taxi containing mother and child drove away, he turned to the party and said:

"I would give thousands of dollars if some one could only make these pictures talk to me as her mother made that one talk to her. I am going out to buy the Madonna of the Chair and ship it home to America. Perhaps when I am alone in my big house, it will talk to me. I surely hope so. I hope it will say to me—'God is Love and God is Good.'"

MARGARET EGGLESTON OWEN.

A FRESHMAN'S REFLECTIONS

I hurried and scurried about
On that first eventful day
Like any lass in the Freshman class
Who had lost her head and her way.

In this door and out that door,
Oh where did I want to go?
Was it up at Cowell's to paint paper towels?
Ah me, I did not know.

Alas, alas, if left outside.
If that awful roll were read;
It's very perplexing and decidedly vexing
How many "absents" were said.

And so confused, I wandered
With a brush in either hand,
From morn 'til night, in doleful plight
So tired I could scarcely stand.

And then I learned the lesson
Which intelligent observance taught.
I need not scurry, nor even hurry
If I followed my way with thought.

For if in the corridor I'm strolling
When Mr. Wilder, by chance, passes by,
"Oh pardon me, but don't you see
I'm out to get a fresh eye!"

Or if in hilarity confusing,
I choose to be clown instead,
"With Mr. Major, I've made a wager
I'm learning to stand on my head."

And now the end of my tale is come,
And the last lisping words are purled,
We like to work, as well as shirk
And plan to stampede the world.

R. E. C. '29.

(Continued from page two)

low artists and studied their paintings and received their criticisms he would probably have risen to heights rivaled by only Sargent:—although they can scarcely be compared because Sargent was primarily a portrait painter and Homer a landscape painter.

MARJORIE D. SODERLAND.

VOICES

Voices: A subject which fascinates me! It is so personal within everyone's experience. Do you not remember happening upon these lines sometime in your life?

"Her voice was ever soft

Gentle, and low: an excellent thing
in woman."

Just think how scarce are the women whom you could compliment with this quotation. To me it seems as if the soft, gentle and low voice had ceased to be; no doubt because the girls to-day feel obliged to acquire the "boyish" voice to go with the "boyish" bob and other masculine characteristics which they have appropriated—perhaps to prove their "equality."

In all the world the sweetest voice to me, is the child's. It is divine in its innocence and wonder. Who can resist answering the thousand and one questions when wide crystal-blue eyes look up to yours and tender smiling lips ask, "What do the birds say?"

Passing from the sublime to the ridiculous, let us consider the voice of a well-known lecturer.

"His voice no touch of harmony
admits,

Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits;
The two extremes appear like man
and wife,

Coupled together for the sake of
strife."

Whenever I attend one of his lectures, I have a very distracting yet amusing time.

He usually begins talking in a normal voice for a man, but soon to my amazement, I hear the high-pitched voice of a woman. Looking up from my note book, I expect to see a woman but instead I behold my masculine lecturer earnestly propounding his theories. I glance around rather bewildered until the knowing looks of others assure me all is well.

Most of us realize that the singing voice has a rival—the violin. But never will the violin mean as much to man as the human voice for the one is mechanical, the other celestial. What music is more delightful than the song! It is said that "the chief end of song is to say something," but, alas, how few singers are we able to understand! However, I do not mind missing the words if I am able to quote:

"Her voice changed like a bird's:
There grew more of the music and
less of the words."

So much has been written about the Voice of the City. Did you ever try to hear the city's voice? Many times I have listened to it and wondered from what strange throats issue the queer, mysterious sounds. Sounds full of agitation, discontent, pain, tears and discouragement. Seldom do I hear laughter and never have I heard the sounds in tune or harmony with Nature.

Not yet have I exhausted the vast subject of voices. G. A. C.

A REVERIE

A painter I may be some day,
So I'll seek beauty everywhere;
It is not always tucked away,
I'll find it if I search with care.

I'll learn the birds and learn the trees,
And all that Nature holds for me:
And those which seem intricacies
Of good and bad, with ease I'll see.

And then in years to come, one day,
When many lessons learned have I,
I'll turn from fame and all, and say,
"I'll strive and learn until I die."

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304 Boylston Street
At Arlington Street
Boston, Mass.

HEARD IN PAINTING CLASS

"Make your tones with your hands instead of your mouths: you make them bad enough with your hands but worse with your mouths."—E. L. Major.

BEFORE AND AFTER

With a young man, a meal's a meal. At middle age, it's something to smoke after. In old age, it's something to take medicine after.

Edison complains that college men lack imagination. Some professors correcting examination papers might be able to check him wrong on that point.—Beloit News.

"Good news," said the office boy, "I can hear the art editor laughing."

"But that was not a comic drawing," sighed the artist-in-waiting.

Success

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."
ADDISON.

"A clear Vision—then go ahead and do it—and it does itself!"—CYRUS DALLIN.

SPECIAL



Cuff Links Vanity Cases
Compacts

Cigarette Cases

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As well as PINS and RINGS may
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TEACHER TRAINING

DESIGN

DRAWING & PAINTING

MODELLING & SCULPTURE

FAIRY STORIES

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine Holy-day,
Till the lifelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
Horo Fairy Mab the junkels eat
She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led,
Tells how the frudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy Flail hath threshed the Corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the Lubber Fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first Cock his matin sings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

JOHN MILTON.

(Continued from page eleven)

of their way to get us righted.

It is this generous, friendly, helpful spirit that we want to develop more at M. N. A. S. If the peoples of the world could develop in that, there would be no need of World Courts.

ELMER HALL.

INTERESTING GAME

Visitor to Newlywed,—

"So you are not getting tired of studio life, eh?"

Artists's wife, "Good gracious, no! It's most interesting. Jim paints and I cook. Then the game is to guess what the things are meant for."—Pathfinder.

